

The English timber land company are buying land in Clarendon county. Spartanburg will shortly have gas works.

A turtle weighing 200 pounds was caught on Sullivan's island last week. Mrs. Flora McDonald, aged ninety-nine years, died in Darlington county last week.

Greenwood and Cokesbury are to be made money order offices after the 1st of July.

Judge Carpenter has decided that trial justices have no jurisdiction in cases of delinquency.

Mr. Henry T. Grumpton died of Bright's disease, at his residence near Ridgeway, last Monday.

The various townships in Sumter county, voted a school tax from two to three and a half mills.

The auditor of Laurens county has settled. Taxes \$74,274; nulla bona \$279.42.

The Beaufort Tribune says, witness and jury tickets are selling at thirty cents on the dollar.

The Knight Templars of Charleston are arranging for the centennial next year.

The special term of the court of general sessions for Richland county began on Tuesday the 6th instant.

The cost of feeding the poor of Beaufort county is \$4.15 each per month, or 131 cents per day.

A colored woman and two dogs were killed by lightning on Gibbs' plantation, near Florence last week.

The National Bank of Greenville has declared its semi-annual dividend of five per cent, free of all taxes.

In the village of Williston a piece of land 30x60 was recently sold for \$800.

On Tuesday last, near Society Hill, a youth named Henry McIver, was struck and killed by lightning while working in a field.

There is a Baptist revival in progress at Graniteville. On last Sunday over twenty-three persons were baptized.

A dispensation has been granted the brethren to form a Masonic lodge at Graham's cross roads, Darlington county.

George F. McIntyre, ex-senator and treasurer of Colleton county, has been convicted of neglecting to turn over money to his successor.

The crops throughout Aiken county are reported to be in excellent condition, the late rains having brought them forward with remarkable rapidity.

A brilliant meteor, lighting up the whole heavens passed over Barnwell village on Monday evening last between 9 and 10 o'clock. Its direction was from east to west.

The Aiken Tribune learns that at a religious meeting of colored people at Midway, in that county, on Saturday night last, a fearful affray took place, which resulted in the death of two or three men.

A disease very fatal to hogs has appeared in Horry county. It attacks the full grown animals rather than the young. One symptom is, that the hair when touched, strips off as upon a scalded surface.

A few days since a young man from Lexington county, S. C., endeavored to steal away the daughter of a citizen of Richmond county, near the sixteen mile post on the Georgia railroad. He was detected by the young lady's mother, who determined to foil him. She therefore dressed up one of her boys in a woman's dress and sent him out to meet the gay deceiver. The latter, however, smelt a large sized wile, and fled on the boys appearance. He was followed by a couple of pistol balls. He was pursued afterwards by four men but without success.

A Free Horse at Rest.

During the pioneer days of Ionia, Mich., the town had an editor, who was patient and long suffering. Some of the members of the church got him to give \$20 toward securing a minister; then they wanted their religious notices inserted free; then he was asked for \$25 toward helping to build a parsonage, and he finally found he was giving the church more than he gave his family. He nevertheless "hung on" for a time longer, until one evening he went to prayer meeting and was asked to leave his office for a week and go and help clear the grounds for a camp-meeting. That

was the last straw, and he arose up and said:

"Gentlemen, I'd like to go to heaven with you. I know you all. You are clever and obliging, and kind and tender, and it would be nice for us all, as a congregation, to go in together; but I've concluded to leave you and dodge in along with somebody from Detroit, Lapeer or Grand Rapids. It's money, money, all the time, and I've given this church until, if my wife should die, she'd have to go to heaven barefooted." The congregation seemed to realize that a free horse was being rode to death. They let up on the editor and pacified him. He even had a special tent assigned him at the camp-meeting, and all was well.

## NEWS & TIMES.

ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING BY THE ORANGEBURG NEWS COMPANY.

THAD C. ANDREWS, Editor.

GEO. HOLLYER, Business Manager.

SATURDAY, July 10, 1875.

Gen. John S. Preston.

The eloquent, but perhaps ill-timed, address of Gen. John S. Preston, of this city, to the alumni of the University of Virginia, on the 1st of July, is exciting severe comment from the Northern press; the New York Herald leading off in a caustic editorial, headed, "A Confederate Ghost."

The General is entitled to his opinions and is always very free in expressing them.—Columbia Phoenix.

We don't intend to pitch into Gen. John S. Preston for saying precisely what he thinks. He is candid and honest, and don't believe in whipping "the devil around the stump." When Gen. John S. Preston is taken to task for words spoken, we would like to see it done by a South Carolinian, and one fit and competent to cope with him in intelligence and worth. Let suckers say what they please, we believe three-fourths of the Southern people spoke through him in his address in Virginia. There is a *something* in the heart of a Southron that can't be bought or hoodwinked for any length of time. It is not policy! It is a foe to policy. We mean political policy. That kind of policy that told Sam to say in his methodism, "lay thar, till I take a reel with Sal." That policy that will say to Gen. John S. Preston: "How injudicious in you. You ought not to talk so; you ought to have waited until we whipped out a medical party in '76. You know we can't do it without the aid of the Yankee, the Plymouth Rocker, &c. Once we get the reins in the hands of our own driver, then we will give the crack of the whip its true ring. For these injudicious expressions of yours you must take a back seat for the present."

So, General John, please "step down and out," for the present.

Edgefield must be in a deplorable condition if the following, which we clip from the Edgefield Advertiser, is true—and we have no reason to doubt its truth. Lovers of true Republican principles deplore this state of things as much as the Advertiser man can, and we hope soon to hear of their correction by those in high places, who have the power. At the same time we would ask the Advertiser if it is fair to strike a man in the face with a mill-stone for errors beyond his control. The clerk of the court and the coronor of Edgefield were put in office by, we suppose, a majority of the voters of Edgefield county—Mr. Chamberlain did not put them there, that is certain. And if the Governor had the power to remove them, we doubt not but what it would be done immediately. Edgefield county is not the only county in the State where ignorance in office, and the want of moral worth and perception is deplored.

"If in the course of our late very dull sale-day there was an event worthy of notice, it was the debut of Coroner Carroll as Sheriff of Edgefield County. This official made his appearance in our midst a week ago, and, as provided by law, entered upon the duties lately discharged by Ex-Sheriff Wall, resigned. He comes, we believe, from the mountain fastnesses of Saluda. He is a negro, quite black, apparently about 30 years of age, is decidedly rustic in gait and raiment, and has a good countenance. It is said that he is as unlettered as any Hottentot that ever bought glass beads in Cape Town. As Sheriff, of course he must conduct the Sheriff's sales. At 12 M., therefore, he mounts the Court House steps, and, in strange tone and parlance, summons an audience. The audience is not slow to gather, for *fun* is scented upon the

tainted breeze. Yes, God knows that tainted is the word! Whites and negroes rush to the spot. And now Sheriff Carroll waves an Advertiser with a graceful semicircular flourish and says: "Gentlemen, how much is I offered for dis fifty acres ob land?" Here Mr. John L. Addison modestly explains from the foot of the steps that the defendant wishes further time, and that he, as plaintiff's attorney, is willing—and requests that the sale be discontinued. Of this, the acting High Sheriff understands not a single syllable, and, raising his voice higher, again says: "Gentlemen, how much is I offered for dis fifty acres ob land?" The crowd smiles. A voice says: "Twenty-five cents. The High Sheriff again says: "Gentlemen, how much is I offered for dis fifty acres ob land?" A voice says: "Fifty cents. The crowd sniggers and wags its head. The yellow boy from Ohio, who stands behind the Sheriff, on the topmost step, with an open account book and a pencil, reminds one of the ambitious but unfortunate youth of Longfellow's "Excelsior." Again the High Sheriff says: "Gentlemen, how much is I offered for dis fifty acres ob land? How much? How little?" The crowd explodes, with a loud report, right and left. The High Sheriff's eyes become two saucers, and his good natured face assumes the expression of a scared rabbit. He casts an expiring look upon Jesse Jones, the little yellow boy who is Clerk of the Court, his preceptor, and wrings the Advertiser into a lean wisp. We feel deeply humiliated to see what a lean and dirty wisp it can be wrung into! Jesse has taught him according to his lights—Jesse's lights!—and of course the tuition is feeble and unavailing. The crowd shrieks, screams, kicks! Nothing so ludicrous has been seen in Edgefield within the memory of man! And now stage fright seizes upon the High Sheriff, and he plunges madly down the lofty steps and is quickly hid in the lower bowels of the Court House. Oh those lower bowels! What do they not hid in these days? Oh, that dirty and inexorable maw of Radical reconstruction. The yellow boy from Ohio plunges after the High Sheriff, and is also received into those screening and pitying bowels. Jesse enters into the maw and is swallowed up. The myrmidons all enter into the maw and play with corruption. And the crowd continues to shriek, scream and kick.

But under this irresistible hilarity—among the white people—there is a deep feeling of indignation and disgust—of unspeakable humiliation—of intense shame—that we have come to this, and must put up with it!"

[From the Charleston Chronicle.]  
The Georgetown Comet Strikes the News and Courier.

The Georgetown Comet, a Democratic journal, which is possessed of enough independence to express an honest opinion, though it conflicts with the views of our somewhat dictatorial Broad street contemporary, takes issue in a recent editorial article with the latter on its statement that the News and Courier was not interested in the Bowen trial, and gives very pertinent reasons for the News and Courier feeling a deep interest in that trial. It hints likewise at a knowledge of some circumstances connected with the case the revelation of which might be unpleasant to our contemporary; and we shall expect the Comet, in the interest of justice, to state all it knows, whether it is "forced" to do so by the News or not. Honest journals should not, in these days of reform, stop at mere innuendo. Let us have the truth, friend Comet, and show an expectant world that one Democratic editor in South Carolina has the manhood to strike at iniquity though the perpetrator thereof is found in the ranks of its friends. We subjoin the Comet's article:

We beg to differ with the News and Courier in many things regarding the late Bowen trial. Now in spite of the Charleston paper, we profess to know a little about the said trial. We were surprised to hear the News and Courier deny all connection with the prosecution. This whole community was surprised, and with just cause. Do we understand the "leading paper of our State" to emphatically deny all connection with the late prosecution of C. C. Bowen? Is it reasonable to suppose that such was the case? The defense in the libel prosecution was

not, by great odds, the glorious success that the News and Courier would crack it up to be. The hearing of that cause resulted in a mistrial and made matters neither worse nor better. By law, the cause could have another trial; the News and Courier knew this if they knew anything, and had just and reasonable grounds to expect and fear another prosecution, if C. C. Bowen was acquitted of the charge of murder and pronounced an innocent man by the jury at Georgetown. Now doesn't it stand to reason, that such being the case, the News and Courier would interest, deeply interest itself to procure the conviction of Bowen? Did it not know that the verdict of this Court, if favorable, would be given in evidence at the Court in Charleston? Did the News and Courier not know that the same law that in Georgetown declared C. C. Bowen no murderer was powerless in Charleston to place upon the forehead of the same man the brand of Cain? Did not the News and Courier know that if C. C. Bowen was declared an innocent man, that such a verdict would enable him to strike, with greater chances than ever of success, at the paper that had fearlessly exposed and brought him to trial.

Certainly it did. And it's no more than reasonable to suppose that the News and Courier would strain every nerve to avert the impending danger?

We do not wish, by anything we could say or do to weaken the hand of the News and Courier, but it must come up to law. We know a little more about the case, perhaps, than the News and Courier in all likelihood suspects, and if we are forced to reveal facts in defence of our position, we shall not hesitate so to do.

### A Joke that Kicked Back.

They are telling a joke, writes 'Eli Perkins,' on Charley Backus to-day. Charley tells it on himself, too. It seems Charley drove up through Stamford, Conn., yesterday, with Lem Read, of poor dead Dan Bryant's Minstrels, for a companion. As the train got ready to leave, Charley says:

'Lem, let me show you a good joke—I'll get a splendid joke on that old duffer sitting in the station. Now you watch!'

Then as the train began to move out slowly, Charley rushed into the station, shook his fists in the stranger's face, and called him a miserable, mean, thieving scoundrel.

'O, you rascal!' said Charley, 'I've got you at last, you bloody old scape-grace, and now I'll lick you to an inch of your life. I—'

'Charley! Charley!' shouted Lem, 'the train is off—run!' and Charley left his astonished victim and rushed back into the car.

Where! where! is the man who wanted to lick me all over New England?' shouted the old farmer as he ran to the door of the station with his spectacles in one hand and a crumpled Tribune in the other. Where is he—show him to me!

'Here he is,' said Charley from the end platform of the last car as it moved out, holding his thumb and finger to his nose.

'Wall, here I am,' said the old farmer, shaking his fist at Charley, 'and I'll be goll blasted, if I don't lick h—'

'Ding!—dong!—ding!—dong!' interrupted the locomotive bell, and—

Alas for Charley! the train backed back. The outraged man in the station rubbed his eyes, went out on the platform, saw Charley through the window, and went for him. Three times he chased the poor, misguided minstrel around the train. He finally caught him, and the poor man only escaped by leaving an 88 hat, and the lapels of a \$60 coat in the outraged farmer's hands.

Some of our young readers may like to try the experiment of making a hanging garden of a sponge. Take a white sponge of large size, and sow it full of rice, hemp, canary, and other seeds; then place it in a shallow dish, in which a little water is constantly kept, and as the sponge will absorb the moisture, the seed will begin to sprout. When this has taken place, the sponge may be suspended by cords and hung where a little sunshine will enter. It will thus become a mass of green foliage, and should be refreshed with water daily so as to be kept moist.

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